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Translated for this Journal.

Hector Berlioz.

From *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*.

(Concluded from page 42).

Let us now examine a fragment of one of his Overtures, which is profound, scientific and beautiful, in order to see if the opinions of R. Wagner were too severe upon him. I select the Adagio of the *Francs Juges* Overture; it was written to an opera, but also belongs to programme-music.

The Overture contains the chief incidents of the opera, and is not without merit, as representing the imagined feelings of the *dramatis personæ*. One must regard them, as the composer has portrayed them: with the assistance of the title, the "*Francs Juges*," endeavoring to find out, by the music, what the composer has so skilfully expressed.

The defendant is led with bandaged eyes before the judges, who in a gloomy place, at midnight, pronounce their terrible sentences, and execute immediately the criminal, in case of his proven guilt. In extreme anguish he stands there scarcely daring to breathe.



This first period of six bars, considered scientifically, contains two phrases of three bars each. The second repeats the first phrase, one degree higher, a manner of construction of the simplest, clearest, most comprehensible style. There are no difficult successions or unpleasing modulations therein.

2nd Period. 13 bars.



The bandage is removed from the eyes of the prisoner, and horror seizes him at the dismal preparations before him; he trembles, and believes himself to be utterly lost. The end of this period from the (7th to the 13th bar) portrays

his emotion at his unhappy situation; a psychological passage, the truth of which no one can judge, who has not observed a culprit before a tribunal, or placed himself in a like position.

In a technical point of view, the first six bars of this period, are elaborated from the first phrase of the first period. There, the theme was carried by the upper parts, here it is in the bass. It is throughout like it in rhythm, though the progression of the tonic is somewhat altered and it disappears in the sixth bar.

The seventh bar brings in a new subject, which in the next (eighth bar) continues, and which furnishes another idea, that in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh bars, which keep on in imitation. In the eleventh bar another theme is added to the former, which continues to the end of the period. There appear, then, in this period, thematic subjects obtained from the first period, and later new ones, employed precisely in the same manner as by other masters. And as such long periods are capable of being divided into several parts, so the foregoing may be separated into two smaller ones, viz., a seven-barred period, (from the first to the seventh, where a resolution into F minor, takes place) and a six-barred one, going from the eighth to the thirteenth bar.

Both the before-mentioned periods, together, from the first group of pictures. They resemble each other in their hidden meanings, and the imagination is engrossed with the situation of the criminal, and the nature of the emotions aroused by it.

Another incident now takes place: amongst the isolated entreaties and prayers for mercy from the prisoner, continually interrupted by the thundering "No!" of the chorus—the terrible accusation of the judge is heard, until, affrighted and exhausted by his fruitless attempts, he at last resigns himself to his fate, and succumbs. These are the chief points of the Adagio, as intimated by the title, and could not be treated effectively in any other way. Could any listener maintain that there is no resemblance between the music and the incidents therein depicted? Does not the effect answer the complete idea of the composer?

This can be demonstrated by the second group.

The third period, of eight bars, hardly needs comment.



It is formed of three distinct subjects, which are seen in the first, third, and fourth bars. The second phrase is a repetition of the first, in another key. A simpler, clearer melody cannot be constructed. The modulations are

plain, but the instrumentation extremely effective in the powerful unison of the brass instruments.

The fourth period is similar, but the same themes are more difficult to recognize. Those dissimilar to each other, are found in the first, fourth, sixth, eighth, and ninth bars. The first is repeated in the second bar, but not easily recognized, from the *legato*, and contrary motion. The theme in the third bar continues the second subject originating in the former bars.

The subject in the fifth is a repetition of the fourth bar, with the exception of the last crotchet. That in the seventh is rhythmically like the first, but in regard to tone, more fully treated. One must have an expert glance, and a still more experienced ear, in order to comprehend the relation of these several subjects to each other, and to estimate the freer, and therefore more intricate construction of these periods individually considered.

The subject is completely finished in the following fifth period, where it may be seen that all the former ones are repeated. All masters introduce into their works direct repetitions, following each other through whole periods, especially when the model has a somewhat complicated structure, because they maintain that these modes of construction form an excellent method, absolutely indispensable to the coining of melody, and musical ideas. But our fifth period contains a new attraction, by the entrance of another accompaniment—the imitating octave figure in the different parts, which was obtained by analyzing the subject of the sixth bar of the preceding period.

The sixth period is woven throughout from the ninth bar of the fourth period. Also the slight resemblance in the sixth and seventh bars is not to be mistaken, when one glances at the foregoing fifth bar, where the *fortissimo* suddenly divides the second part of the theme.

At last, in the seventh period, appear, with the exception of the seventh bar, still earlier, existing subjects, and portions of themes: The first part of the subject in the first bar is a repetition of the second idea, which was heard in the ninth bar of the fourth period, for the first time. The second part of the theme is similar in rhythm, but changing its position. The second bar continues this. In the third, fourth and fifth bars, the first theme, of the first period, again emerges; the seventh bar shows the second phrase of the first period, without the first minim, and in contrary motion.

The first observation which the reader now makes to himself, probably, is, that in this little Adagio, which contains only seven periods, more subject matter is used, than lies at the elementary basis of the whole finale of Haydn's Symphony [which one? ED.] of thirty-six periods. While this great model, strictly considered, is woven from only six different ideas; in this little Adagio of Berlioz there enter at least twelve new ones, dif-

fering from each other; and while in that finale, throughout, all the periods are formed from the first two subjects, there appear in this Adagio three periods containing entirely new subject matter. This observation is just. But although the finale in Haydn's Symphony may be an example of the strictest melodic treatment, the later masters, (and Haydn himself in many of his works) allowed freer ways of treatment; and I must here limit myself to the assurance that there are introductions to overtures, and symphonies of good masters, which are still more freely treated than the one in question, without therefore wishing to deny that they possess a good technical construction. I have here, unfortunately, given only one selected example, and could not show the beautiful instrumentation of the ideas; but the foregoing facts, it is to be hoped, will not contradict the subsequent statements.

This Adagio, for instance, does not violate any scientifically constructed rule, whether in regard to melody, rhythm, modulation or instrumentation; but it is, on the contrary, throughout, correct and clearly defined.

Within this legitimate barrier all are new ideas, and, in regard to their objective expression, are of a plastic skill, and fidelity, which can seldom be found clearer, or more effective in the best compositions of the great masters.

Berlioz proves himself also, in this his first little music sketch, to be, not merely an artist endowed with a great invention, and creative skill, but also one who preserves the essential laws of his art, has them completely under his control, and is a pleasing, rational, and truly great music-poet.

Were it possible, in the present space, to analyze the Allegro of the Overture, with all other compositions by him, just so intimately, it would be shown that he has accomplished no more than in the before mentioned Adagio.

Now, whence come the numerous opponents of this composer? whence the constant ignoring of his works in German concert rooms? One reason is, few search for themselves, but echo the sentiments of others. Among a hundred who fearlessly give their verdict against Berlioz, ninety-nine have never heard one of his compositions; still fewer have read one of his scores, but are familiar with newspaper opinions of him, which they take without proof, as correct, and spread abroad.

A second cause is the following. They concede that Berlioz continues Beethoven, but only in an exaggerated fashion. Beethoven may have also continued Mozart, but how differently! There is somewhat of truth in this observation, but also some injustice towards Berlioz. Beethoven in the commencement did not continue Mozart, but imitated him very faithfully. His first periods are all in Mozart's graceful style, first in the Trios, then in his first and second Symphonies, which were welcomed as unmistakably legitimate offspring of his own model.

Those first compositions were not uncommonly original or progressive. Berlioz, on the contrary, does not make his first appearance as a recognizable imitator of Beethoven, although his chosen subjects are earnest, gloomy, passionate, and like the ninth symphony in their purely, instrumental parts. He, however, out-did his predecessor in instrumentation; he made use of entirely new,

and hitherto unknown means of expression, (while Beethoven's manner of instrumentation closely resembles Mozart's) and appears to differ from Beethoven, as the latter does from Mozart. Had Beethoven first appeared before the public in his *Eroica* Symphony, his position, compared with Mozart, would have been the same as that of Berlioz to Beethoven, and the same would have happened to him, as now to Berlioz; for as he stepped forth, self-reliant in his own character, what opposition would have been raised against him! how the critics would have censured him, the orchestra resisted, and the public opposed him!

The directors, besides, who will not study his scores, are opposed to Berlioz; and the orchestra, who wish to avoid the multiplied and constant rehearsals, which the proper performance of his works requires.

Another opposing obstacle may be found in the notion of many critics, that the analyzing of musical works is prejudicial to the enjoyment of them, and especially can only be an accurate estimate of individual works, and not of the whole of them. But this kind of analysis is actually that, which, the proper understanding of higher musical works imposes on the public, and this means alone can win for them a better opinion. It is owing to this analysis that progress in clearness of expression is aimed at, that is, that the young artist is incited to really say something, and, not as often happens, to write merely notes, without any definite object.

Finally, it must be acknowledged by every creative talent, that if an entire work is to possess any signification, it must preserve its individuality. To defend this point, and by similar treatment to make important works still more impressive, I should allow myself to be perplexed by no contradiction; and I have the firm conviction, that this progress in criticism will by and by remove all those aestheticists, who deal in mere assertions, which can not be proved. It cannot be disputed that Berlioz is considered, at this time, a mighty phenomenon in the musical world. At the time in which the French composers all more or less sacrificed to the new Italian style, Berlioz stepped forward, unexpectedly, as the only exponent of the German spirit, and clings immovably fast to his principles, notwithstanding the hostile forces opposed to him. Shall the German concert rooms forever be closed to an artist, who ardently venerates the German masters, and ever points to them as the highest models of genuine music—and the little Weimar remain the only German city where his genial creations are known and valued?

In France, Berlioz's Opera, "*Benvenuto Cellini*," was thrown aside with contempt. That was natural. The then prevailing taste, for a music which tickled the ears of the majority, was not adapted to a music which it considered severe in expression, in which grief appears clad in mourning garments, and not in ball costume.

Liszt, who always acknowledges merit wherever he finds it, has already produced this opera on the stage in Weimar, without any especial success the first time. But Liszt is not the one to allow himself to be defeated by a single failure. He sent for Berlioz to go to Weimar, and undertake a few abridgements in the opera. It was repeated, and the effect it produced may be learned from the published statements of the

English, who were present at the representation. A still greater, and more enthusiastic reception, fell to the lot of "*Romeo and Juliet*," and the fragments of "*Faust's* descent into Hell," when heard by the public.

What Liszt, in that little city of Weimar, strove after, and obtained, should not be an insoluble problem for many larger German cities and residences, which have ampler means at command, and boast of higher feeling, and taste for music; and if Berlioz has excelled in nothing but was anticipated by the great masters before him, no one since has attained such proficiency in instrumental combinations. Therefore, it becomes the duty of all Germans, who ardently desire progress, not to neglect or slight the genius which strives, most zealously, to satisfy the German demands; and which, undoubtedly, has most of all sufficed thereto, in modern times.\*

V. A. H.

\* N. B. The following letter was written by Paganini to Berlioz, after a representation of "*Romeo and Juliet*."  
 "My Dear Friend:—Since Beethoven is dead, it is only Berlioz who can make him live again, and I who have enjoyed the divine compositions, so worthy of your genius, beg you to accept, as a proof of my esteem, twenty thousand francs, which on presentation of the enclosed, will be handed to you by the Signor Baron de Rothschild. Believe me ever your sincere friend,  
 NICOLÒ PAGANINI."

Paris, 18 December, 1838.

#### Mendelssohn and Schumann.\*

Justly was the world of music dazzled when Mendelssohn appeared. After his mode of treating art—a mode at first received with astonishment—had become a power, the attribute, as a rule, of genius alone, the following question forced itself upon every thinking man: Could the gift of musical creation exist in any one after Mozart and Beethoven? Had it really sprung up in Mendelssohn? What novelty was music capable of producing after Mozart and Beethoven? By what paths could it attain to new artistic forms and modes of expression, without doing violence to nature; without overstepping the rules of art and the limits of moderation; without degenerating into artificiality and extravagance? These questions were presented still more emphatically to men's minds when Schumann, with scarcely lower pretensions than Mendelssohn himself, appealed to public notice. As music had attained perfection before the two masters in question, it followed, from the nature of things, that they could not so much surprise us by means of creative forms of art, like their great predecessors, as to obtain a prominent position by the power of their individuality, and the peculiar intellectual stamp impressed upon their works. Mendelssohn is the greater artist, exercising complete mastery over form, his ideas being accompanied by shape during the process of their production, and organically developed within it a sharply marked individuality. He moves with calm certainty in a sphere of lyrical sentiment, which enables him to express his inmost feelings, and whenever he gives scope to his own peculiar frame of mind, inward and truthful accents greet us in appropriate form. This is true of songs, with or without words; of the sonnet; \* and of instrumental compositions in many parts, whether they are trios, quartets, octets, or symphonies. The fundamental tone of Mendelssohn's being is a yearning after the moral Ideal, after the reconciliation of the human with the divine element by means of the Beautiful. Being, as a perfect artist, joyfully conscious of possessing the ideal, in which the moral element is mirrored, he could give utterance to his yearning only in mild lament, and, consequently, the passion of a broken spirit, struggling through the obscurity of life for light, is never apparent in his works.

It is also the yearning after the moral Ideal which imparts to Mendelssohn's works that stamp of nobility and elevation which moves us so beneficially, not alone in those of his creations, in which he directs his glance upwards, but likewise in those which move in the sphere of earthly joy. Whenever Mendelssohn rises with his thoughts and feelings into the regions of faith, in his grand oratorios and psalms, Handel, Bach, and those old Italian sacred composers who had already granted admittance in their compositions to the more lively dramatic accent, were his models. In consequence of a weaker power of faith, and,

\* Translated from the London *Musical World* from the Vienna *Rezensionen* by J. V. Bridgeman.

\* Is not *Sonata* meant here?—Ed.

consequently, strengthened yearning, the expression of his religious feelings was necessarily more elegiacal than that in similar works by the old composers above mentioned, and the more energetic character of which has its root in a firmer consciousness.

With him form, while offering nothing essentially new, is distinguished by a finer finish, by more carefully calculated execution, the smoothness of which, compared with the genial primitiveness in the works of Bach and Handel, strikes us as somewhat fashionably elegant, and weakens the power of objective representation.

The great perfection of form in Mendelssohn's works will always compensate the connoisseur, by the highly æsthetic satisfaction it produces, for the slight touch of monotony which his fundamental tone of mind imparts to them, while his aristocratic manner, which is that of education and not of thought, can never repel or offend, but, at most, only be sometimes rather unwelcome to any one attached to fresh natural sentiment.

That Mendelssohn's sharply marked subjectivity, directly it set about portraying any circumstance of life connected with, or prescribed by, language, could successfully apply itself only to objects intimately allied to itself, is a fact which follows as a matter of course. In the oratorio, and in the musical illustrations of the tragedies of Sophocles, the general mode of expression, striking with vigor and truth, and faithfully conducted through its wanderings the fundamental feeling of the soul, was sufficient; neither the portrayal of the sentiments and passions of the masses in the choruses, nor the solo songs in his oratorios, demand a more marked individualization, while the personages taken from the ancient world can never possess for us more than typical and not living individual life. But on all other occasions that Mendelssohn stepped out of the strictly subjective sphere, it was the world of fairy romanticism which tempted him. It was the impulse of his genius which directed his course to these paths, in which he was destined to celebrate his greatest triumphs. It is in the music to Shakespeare's *Midsummer's Night's Dream*; in the fragment of *Loveles*; in his overtures to the *Schöne Melusine*, *Fingalshöhle*, and *Ruy Blas*; and in parts of his *Walpurgisnacht*, that his genius is exhibited in the most original, boldest, and most charming light. When he sank into this life of romantic nature he was really at home; for it was only by such a poetizing of nature that his constant and decided tendency for the Ideal could feel itself raised above the harassing conflicts of the every-day world.

What lover of music has not revelled in these tones; has not felt himself raised and lowered on this phantastic ladder in intoxicating sweet delight; loosed from the burden of earth, pressed forwards with the joy of a bird; borne over fearful abysses, along the deep night of the wood, upon the silver threads of the moonlight to the ruddy morn; on the golden disk of the sun to the splendor of evening; intertwined with the thousandfold life of nature, till he is one and the same with it, surrounded by elves and gnomes, and striving to attain eternity in his chequered dreams! On this ground Mendelssohn stands alone in his own manner; here his pinions expand freely and easily; his elegiac melancholy fundamental feeling is not heard in this varied empire of tone, where Fancy, as the sole sovereign, builds herself a motley house, in which spirits merrily flutter up and down.

Schumann was already intimately acquainted with the poetical literature of Germany, especially with Jean Paul and Hoffmann, when his impulse towards musical creation first burst forth. That the high mental tendency of the former, and the fantastic productions of the latter author, should, under these circumstances, not be without influence upon the musical nature of Schumann, who had not then ripened into perfect independence, was to be expected. This will explain why the first works of the composer, too soon impelled to develop himself by the rich stores collected in his mind and soul, on the one hand most sharply stamp his mental peculiarity, while, on the other, they satisfy us least in artistic shape. But a man of so morally serious a nature, aiming at the highest ends, could not remain in the paths of hurried exaggeration, whither a too powerful impulse was leading him; his acquaintance with the high models of the departed masters, as well as his personal acquaintance with Mendelssohn, speedily caused him to recognize the more severe claims of art, and, in the works of his second period, we already behold the blessed influence of his acquaintanceship and of conscientious study. That marked originality of form and of purely musical, that is to say, melodic expression, must not be expected in Schumann, any more than in Mendelssohn, is, after what we have said, evident. In those of his compositions which are alone able to afford us

artistic satisfaction, whether they are sonnets [Sonatas?], quartets or symphonies, it is impossible not to perceive the influence exerted by his great predecessors.

The entire course pursued by the art-development of Schumann and of Mendelssohn, springing, as it did, immediately from the mental development of the masters, reminds us of the Epigonian age, in which really new creative forms do not usually arise.

How very differently did Handel, Haydn and Mozart begin; how their first works sprang from a creative impulse of which these masters were unconscious! Still quite dependent, they cling humbly to great models; they knew nothing of any tendency to intellectual significance, and, consequently, bear the stamp of childlike ingenuity, and are only the first messengers of the genial impulse to play and develop themselves. It would have been incomprehensible had a man of so peculiar a mind as that of Schumann not discovered in the inexhaustible store of forms of expression belonging to his pliant art, many new traits and turns in rhythm, harmony or modulation, in which the most hidden feelings of his soul could be uttered clearly and fully; but these touches of originality are by no means of pre-eminent importance, and, while they sometimes served him to achieve great effects, are, not unfrequently, to blame for a disagreeable strangeness and monotony of expression.

The inmost personal feature of Schumann's being, however, is enthusiasm, and this is what lends him, when we have rendered ourselves thoroughly acquainted with his peculiar manner, that power over the mind which in recent times has among the Germans cast even Mendelssohn into the background. A perfect devotion to the life and the idea to be portrayed, to nature and to mind, distinguish the works of Schumann's best period; the vigorously living pulsation in his pieces dedicated to the joy of existence; the warm and profound feeling manifested in his laments and his yearning after love; and the glowing language of his spiritual struggle afford testimony of this. Even in those instances where his art proved powerless, or was not sufficiently strong to complete its flight to the high goal it had set itself, we are carried away by this touching trait of enthusiasm. There will, perhaps, never be another artist whose compositions will vary so much in artistic value and intellectual purport, and who, side by side with so many works which display the hand of the thorough master, and which exhibit so much intellect, will write so many that are incomplete, obscure and purposeless. This is explicable, certainly, by the irritation of Schumann's temperament, which, increased by an over-tension of his mental impulse to creation, laid the foundations of that terrible fate under which this magnificent composer succumbed at an early age. We must turn away from the works of his last period, works which already bore evidences of the obscurity which was afterwards to fall upon his mind and spirit, if we would honor his art—that art, namely, which can be considered a product, as all art must be, of his own exertion.

In the period of his full artistic power and free productivity, we meet, therefore, also with works marked by really vivifying and powerfully exciting beauty. To this period belong his delicious songs, mostly reflecting in a wonderful manner the sense and spirit of the poem, and always flowing from a profoundly moved heart; the cantata, *Paradies und Peri*; the four symphonies in B flat major, D minor, C major, and E flat major, of which that in D minor is distinguished for artistic beauty, and that in C major for intellectual significance; then an orchestral composition, consisting of three movements, charming by its rhythm, and fresh, humorous spirit; the overtures to *Die Braut von Messina*, and *Manfred*; the opera of *Genoevra*, and a host of interesting, and sometimes charming specimens of chamber-music; a pianoforte quintet, and quartet, two pianoforte trios, studies and sketches for the pedal grand, pieces for four hands, variations for two pianofortes, pianoforte pieces for two hands, the *Album for Youth*, etc.

Like Mendelssohn, Schumann was a man of strongly subjective nature, and, therefore, his creative power, whenever applied to the portrayal of things beyond the limits of his own inward individuality, always sought the sphere of romanticism, as affording more than aught else free play to the fancy. The extraordinary creative impulse within his breast, an impulse which urged him on to find in musical utterance a vent for every feeling, to fashion musically every thought which struck him, either from the inward or the outward world—so that for him, as for Rückert, every emotion of life became a poem—was by no means in keeping with his art capabilities, which did not command such stores of independent originality as had in readiness for every utterance of

the mind, and for every emotion of the soul, an æsthetic expression equal to the importance and force of the intention to be conveyed. His genial calm and freedom suffered also, not unfrequently, from the pressure of his irritable temperament, and many of his most beautiful intellectual inspirations are artistically unsatisfactory. This artistic incompleteness, through which, in many of his compositions, the first qualities requisite in every work of art, namely, clearness and equality, appear to suffer, as well as the diminution of musical charm, properly so called, resulting from overpowering pretensions to intellectual profundity, and an entering into broadly developed frames of mind, is most certainly the principal cause why Schumann has, up to the present time, found but little favor anywhere save in Germany; not even among the English, allied to us by descent, and partial as they are to German art.

We must not judge Schumann simply by isolated specimens; we must make ourselves acquainted with the whole man; we must render ourselves intimate with his artistic and mental peculiarities, and hear his best works performed in a manner which does justice to the many new, free and profound traits in them, if we would appreciate and enjoy the rich beauty which this master, whenever he was not led astray in the unfettered exercise of his talent, has displayed in his productions, and we shall then be astonished at finding what fresh, foaming life, rich in joke and pleasing wantonness, gleams forth from them in combination with the most ardent language of the soul, and the most dazzling intellectual brilliancy.

† "Vornehm."

### The "Pity-Patti" Story.

The rumored appeal of Miss ADELINA PATTI to the English Court of Chancery, for protection against her own father and brother-in-law, turns out to have been a piece of unwarrantable interference in her affairs, which she entirely disowns. The following is an extract from her Affidavit, sworn in the cause in chancery "between Adeline Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti, an Infant under the age of Twenty-one years, by James William Macdonald, her next friend, Plaintiff, and Salvatori Patti and Maurice, Strackosch, Defendants:—"

I, ADELEJUANA MARIA PATTI, in the Bill filed in this Cause, wrongly called Adeline Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti, at present residing at Number 22 High Street, Clapham, in the County of Surrey, the person above named as the Plaintiff in this Suit make oath and say as follows,—

I have had read to me carefully the Bill of Complaint and the Affidavit of Henri de Losay, Baron de Ville, Hester Day and Sarah Eliza Elliott filed in support of it, and I say, that, although my name is used as the Plaintiff in this Suit it has been done entirely without my sanction, and even without my knowledge.

Until I read the name of James William Macdonald, of Number 15 Howard Street Strand, who styles himself my next friend, I never heard of such a person, nor did I ever, to my knowledge, see him, nor did I ever communicate with him in any way.

The said Defendant, Maurice Strackosch, is the husband of my elder sister, to whom he has been married many years, and he has been my professional instructor from the earliest period. There is not one word of truth in any of the allegations against him or against my said father, in any of the Affidavits filed in this Cause. I wholly deny that I am, or ever was, treated with cruelty by them, or either of them, or that my liberty is or ever was controlled, or that I am or ever was kept short of money, or that my jewellery or any part of it has been or is appropriated by them or either of them. On the contrary I have and always have had whatever money I require, and all my jewellery has always been and is under my own control, and I could convert the whole of it into money at once if I were so disposed.

It is, however true, that the Defendant, my father, takes care of the bulk of my earnings as an Operatic Singer for me, and I say that I have the most entire confidence in and the greatest love and affection for my dear father, and also for the Defendant the said Maurice Strackosch, both of whom have always treated me with the most affectionate kindness.

And I say that I am quite satisfied with any and every arrangement which my father sees fit to make on my behalf, and I do not desire to have any other care or guardianship but his.

I say that ever since the marriage of the Defendant Maurice Strackosch with my sister, I and my father have lived together with the said Maurice Strackosch,

and my said sister and we have always lived most happily and affectionately together.

A very large number of letters, sometimes to the amount of thirty and upwards, are daily sent to me, and as most of such letters relate to business matters I requested my said brother-in-law to open all my letters and to consult with my father and answer for me all my business letters, and to hand over to me any private letter, and this course has for several years been pursued with regard to my letters, and I am and always was perfectly satisfied therewith, and desire that the same may continue.

A. J. M. PATTI.

Sworn this 11th day of May, 1853.

To this affidavit the young Baron de Ville, to whom the young lady was reputed to be engaged, replies through the London papers in the following note:

"To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph:—

"Sir—It has long since become a matter of public record that the object of the proceedings in the Court of Chancery was never explained to Miss Adelina Patti by those who would have acted in her interest; but that, on the contrary, they did it who at the same time were living upon her earnings, and whose fees are paid for out of them—under whose influence she was living. Every one who knows me will pity Miss Patti, when she could be induced to swear that she did not believe that I entertained honorable intentions to her. Whether she was so prevailed upon, or whether she did this of her own free will, I was at once determined to give up all thoughts of a person who would break off an engagement in this libellous and perfidious manner. I beg, therefore, that you will give it the utmost publicity that there is not the remotest probability of my marrying Miss Patti, and some day it may be an impossibility.

"The affection at one time was sincere; but Strackosch and S. Patti, who had a momentary interest at stake, were determined it should not last. I have demanded a return of my letters and a mutual exchange, but it has not been complied with.

"I am sir, yours, &c., DE VILLE."  
4, Old Cambridge terrace, May 30.

We add the following comments on this curious history from the *Morning Star* of June 3d—greatly at variance with an article in the same paper only two days before:

Mdlle. Adelina Patti and her family are the latest sufferers through the propensity to swallow at a gulp any narrative which wears a romantic aspect. For a few days past their private affairs have been made the topic of town talk, and damaging statements have passed from mouth to mouth, growing rapidly, as a matter of course, in the process of transmission. We have been led to believe that the captivating and gifted vocalist is groaning under a heartless and oppressive bondage. She has been pictured to us as spending her leisure hours hemmed in by bolts and bars, and proceeding to the scene of her professional labors in the custody of a stern and lynx-eyed keeper. We have been told that she is not allowed either to see a friend or to write or receive a letter—that her very large income is pocketed entirely by somebody else—that engagements are made for her by her tyrants without her consent and against her will, which she is forced to fulfil by threats of violence—and, worst of all, that she has been forcibly debarred from the gratification of an honorable attachment, simply because her marriage would prevent her gains from flowing into the pockets of her relations. All these allegations were put forward in support of the petition to Vice-Chancellor Stuart, in which Mr. James Macdonald, styling himself the next friend of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, besought that potent functionary to appoint a guardian to the young lady, and rescue her from a thralldom which made her life a torment.

Now a great many people labor under the disadvantage of not having as many friends as they fancy; but very few indeed are the favored mortals who possess more friends than they are aware of. Mdlle. Adelina Patti is one of those thus exceptionally blessed by fortune. She declares that until the commencement of these proceedings in Chancery she never even heard of this chivalrous "next friend" who takes so ardent an interest in her welfare. The solicitors whom he has generously employed in her behalf without her knowledge, admit, however, that he only acted as a substitute for a certain Baron de Ville, with whom she is certainly not unacquainted—though, according to the information which has reached us from the most reliable source, her reminiscences of him are not altogether pleasant, and she and her friends have long since arrived at the conclusion that if she had married him in haste she would in all probability have had ample opportunity

of working out the rest of the adage during the remainder of her existence. But of the treatment which Mdlle. Adelina Patti has received from her family, and the wishes which she cherishes, no one is likely to know so much as the young lady herself, and we must assuredly give her statement the preference over that of a discarded snitor, her engagement with whom, contracted under false impressions subsequently dispelled, was broken off by her own act some time ago. It cannot have been very agreeable to her to find herself compelled to come forward and make a formal deposition with regard to the circumstances of her domestic existence as the sole means of silencing the tattle of scandal-mongers. But she was bound to do so in justice to those near and dear to her, whose characters have been grossly aspersed by these hostile allegations, and she has not shrunk from the discharge of the unpleasant duty. We have been fully apprised of the circumstances under which her affidavit was made, and they leave no room to doubt its perfect candor and spontaneity. Mdlle. Adelina Patti contradicts in the clearest and most emphatic terms the assertions that she has been harshly treated by any members of her family, or deprived of perfect freedom of action, or forced into unpalatable engagements, or prevented from disposing as she sees fit of her property and her salary. In short, Mdlle. Adelina Patti avers that she is a very happy girl, well cared for, and kindly treated by a fond father and an affectionate brother-in-law, and we have unimpeachable authority for asserting that the picture which she has drawn of her position is in all particulars correct. The solicitors for her "next friend" state that they would not have advised the filing of the Bill in Chancery unless they had seen evidence in her own letters of the truth of the allegations which it contained. We do not doubt their good faith, but we are satisfied that they acted under the influence of a delusion. Whether they misinterpreted passages in these letters, or whether any of the letters themselves bore affinity to a certain communication signed with the name of Mdlle. Adelina Patti and addressed to the editor of the *Paris Figaro*, which we have heard spoken of, we shall not pretend to say. It is enough for us to know that our little drama has come to an end—or rather never had a beginning. The pearl of Rosinas puts off the character with her Spanish costume, and emerges from the stage door happy, light-hearted, and free. Herr Maurice Strackosch is no Bartolo, but an upright kindly gentleman, very fond of his sister-in-law—the pupil whom he has trained, and over whose welfare he watches with tenderness and fidelity. Signor Salvatore Patti has not a single qualification for that part of Basilio which we cast to him under the influence of false representations; and Almaviva turns out to be an unauthorized intruder, who, if rumor be not altogether a liar, would not be at all likely, if he won the lady, to follow the example of his operatic prototype by giving up her fortune. The nine days' wonder has collapsed, and henceforward we hope the tattlers will leave Mdlle. Adelina Patti in the undisturbed enjoyment of that domestic happiness which, every body will be pleased to learn, sweetens her life and solaces the cares and toils of her professional career.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

THE OPERAS. From the *Gazette Musicale* we glean the following summary of operatic doings in the month of May.

OPERA COMIQUE. *La Chanteuse voilée*, a graceful little one-act opera by V. Massé, with libretto by Scribe, has been revived, with Mlle. Marinon, M. Capoul and M. Gourdin for interpreters. Next came Auber's *Haydée*, with M. Achard, a light tenor "now without a rival in France"; M. Troy and Mlle. Baret—the latter pronounced inadequate in voice or style. These pieces continued to be given alternately with *Lalla Roukh*. *Zampa*, with Montaubry and Mlle. Cico, was promised for the end of the month; also Grisar's *Le Diable amoureux* (first produced a dozen years ago, with Mme. Colson, at the Théâtre Lyrique) was to be revived in favor of a new *pensionnaire* of the Comique, Mme. Galli-Maré. Several interesting debuts were to take place in the interval.

The programme of novelties in preparation for the winter is quite rich; for instance: *La Fiancée du roi de Garbe*, by Auber; *Capitaine Henriot*, in three acts,

by Sardou and Gevaert; *Lara*, three acts, by A. Maillart; *La Péruvienne*, three acts, by Victor Massé; *Hermine*, by Felicien David; and finally, *La Nuit des Dupes*, words by Saint-Georges, music by Flotow.

THÉÂTRE LYRIQUE. The month (May) opened with two new comic operas. One, *Les Fiancés de Rosa*, composed by a lady, Mme. Clemence Valgrand, of whom M. Leon Durocher says: "You see, from the first bars of the overture, that she is far above the class of ordinary amateurs; she has worked in earnest. A pupil of the Conservatoire, competing for the grand prize, could not be more *recherché* in his harmonies. She writes well for voices, and her instrumentation is very correct,"—and so on, praising some pieces in the opera, but pronouncing the rest inferior, the ideas common, &c. Mlle. Boyer, a young artist, of good voice and intelligence, but inexperienced, took the part of Rosa; the other parts were agreeably sung and acted by Mlle. Faivre, and MM. Girardot, Wartel and Legrand.—The other novelty, *Le Jardinier et son Seigneur*, in one act, founded on one of Fontaine's fables, was composed by M. Leo Delibes, a pupil of Adolph Adam, who has so perfectly appropriated the manner of his master (according to our critic) that it might pass for a posthumous work of his. A gay, grotesque, bright piece, and well played, it seems, particularly by M. Gabriel and Mlle. Faivre.

Mme. Cabel made her last appearance for the season in *Les Peines d'amour perdues* (Love's labor lost). She was going to replace Mme. Carvalho at Marseilles.

A young singer made her debut, almost incognito, at this theatre, as Agatha in *Robin des Bois*, as the French call *Der Freyschütz*. Her name is Mlle. Doria; she is said to have a mezzo-soprano of rare brilliancy and sweetness, as well as sentiment, intelligence, and all sorts of personal charms; but her vocalization is imperfect; one critic says: "She seems to have stepped down, like Pygmalion's statue, expressly to demand singing lessons of M. Duprez!"

But the best event here has been the revival of Weber's *Oberon*. The part of Rezia was sung by Mme. Ugalde, whose voice is not what it was twenty years ago, but who has "will, audacity and a singular verve." M. Monjanze lacked pleasing voice and easy vocalization for the tenor rôle of Huon, but showed zeal. Mlle. Girard was very piquant in the part of Fatima.

Mme. Carvalho, after her triumphs in Marseilles, gave several performances of Gounod's *Faust*, assisted by a new tenor, Morini, who made a fine impression.

GRAND OPERA. Rossini and Auber—*Tell* and *Masaniello*—shared the stage for a week or two. Then came for novelty a *dansseuse* from St. Petersburg, Mlle. Mourawief, to turn the heads of people in the ballet *La Glisèle*. This had its run for several nights, when music recovered its foothold in the shape of Rossini's delicious comic opera, the *Comte Ory*, in which Mme. Vandenhuevel (Duprez's daughter), and MM. Warot and Obin, had the prominent parts.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE promises to be "Grand" indeed. "Spiridion", describing the Exhibition of Fine Arts, which opened last month, says:

After the battle-pieces which delight French eyes, the object in the Exhibition that commands most attention is the model in plaster of the new opera-house. It is scarcely possible to get near it, so dense is the throng of people constantly around it. What a place does the theatre occupy in the lives of these people! It is by the orders of the Emperor that this model appears at the Exhibition. The architect, Mons. Charles Garnier, was opposed to its appearance, on the ground that this exhibition of his plans was to limit his studies, was to pledge the public that he would select certain forms and ornaments of the edifice which are far from being those he may definitely select, again, that the public could not judge the merits of his work in a reduction which necessarily

excludes all breadth and elegance of style and all purity of form. The new opera-house is building on what will be Opera-House Square, fronting on the Boulevard des Capucines and at the head of a broad—and as yet unbuilt—boulevard which runs from the new opera-house to the French comedy. The new Rue Lafavette towards the new opera-house on the left, the Rue de Rouen (on which is the Eastern side of the Grand Hotel) bounds it on the left.

Seen from the Boulevard des Capucines, which is in front of it, or from the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, which is behind it, the first objects which strike the eye in the new opera-house are two circular wings or bows, which are reached by a circular terrace in the Italian style, so gently graded as to allow carriages and horses to ascend them and land their passengers under the porticos of the wings. The left wing (looking North) is the imperial carriage way to the Emperor's box; from this portico are staircases which lead to the Emperor's private saloon, to the dressing-rooms, to the saloons of the aides-de-camp, and to the imperial box. There will be a telegraph office in this wing in communication with all the capitals of Europe, and a council chamber too, so that if an important telegram comes during the performance of any opera, a cabinet council may be immediately assembled in the opera-house itself. Isn't that a French idea? The imperial box is on the left of the stage. The architect at first thought of placing the imperial box in the centre of the semi-circle and first tier of boxes; but when he considered that this box would interrupt the semi-circle of all the tiers of boxes and clog the circulation of the main lobbies by separating the right from the left side of the house, and when he remembered that he had seen this state box in the Russian and Italian theatres dwarf all the other boxes by its proportions and chill the actors and audience by forming a huge and almost always unoccupied place in the centre of the house, the architect determined to abandon all thought of placing it there and to keep it where it is commonly to be found in the French theatres, that is to the left of the stage, in fine, the first stage box. The wing to the right is for the subscribers to the Grand Opera; it is sufficiently large to enable several carriages and horses to enter its portico together. It opens into a large vestibule which communicates with the grand staircase. The decoration of the grand staircase consists of immense arcades built on coupled marble columns, which are crowned with the extension of the passages and landings, and with balconies. The whole hall is profusely decorated with marble, bronzes, gilding and sculptures. The subscribers, whose seats are in the "amphitheatre" (seats in front of the first tier of boxes and raised a good deal above the level of the pit), reach their places by the staircase in the axis of the hall. The subscribers whose seats are in the first tier of boxes reach their places by the step on the right and left of the axis. The spectators who have taken the cheaper seats may see the subscribers enter or leave the auditorium by the grand staircase, for the extension of the passages and the landings (and which end in balconies in the vestibule as I have described) enable the spectators of all the inferior places of the theatre (even to the cheapest) to enjoy the brilliant scene to be found in the vestibule and on the grand staircase. It is thought here that Mons. Garnier has displayed more talents in the arrangement and decoration of the vestibule and grand staircase than in any other portion of the building. The lobbies of the new opera house are twice as large as those of the present opera. The present opera house contains nineteen hundred persons. The Government desired the new theatre to contain two thousand. The architect has by "some skilful arrangement contrived that the new house may contain as many as three thousand spectators without inconveniencing any person." I have been unable to ascertain what the proposed "skilful arrangement" is. Every box has a saloon, which is an elegant, comfortable, well-lighted, well-aired, and large parlor. The old chandelier is to be retained, but the new fashioned ground glass roof lighted from above is to be introduced in part. Mons. Garnier insists that the sight of the gas lamp is cheering, and there is the same moral difference between the new ground glass roof and the chandelier as there is between the steam-heated room and the room heated by a gay, sparkling fire in the chimney. What diner-out does not know the difference! There is an immense promenade saloon in the usual place; it has at each end a small saloon which looks on the boulevard, and between these small saloons there is a sort of porch called *loggia*, which is built for a summer promenade for those spectators who may wish to stretch their legs between the acts.

The canon of proportion in stage construction being that the depth of the stage should be equal to twice its width at the curtain, the stage of the new opera house is sixty feet deep, and it may be made seventy-

eight feet without much trouble, and even as deep as 150 feet by removing some of the inside partitions. The perpendicular depth of the cellar beneath the stage is so great as to allow any scene—even a cathedral or a mountain—to be lowered in one piece, without rolling or dislocating it, instantly down the trap-door. All the scenes are suspended from the roof, and they are moved on rollers on moveable rails. As the scenes are balanced with the utmost exactness a child can move them in any direction; they turn upon their axis and can be placed in any, even the most oblique position. Each side of the stage are cases for scenes, in which the scenes are placed in the position they are to occupy at the moment when they are to be used. The moment the whistle gives the signal they are moved forward in front of the spectator. As these cases are half as deep as the stage is broad, the scenes placed in them may have these dimensions; the moment the whistle gives the signal the scenes on the right and left of the stage are put together and the stage is filled. The width of the stage from wall to wall (including the cases for the scenes) is 168 feet, and consequently it is large enough to contain the scenery of twelve operas or ballets constantly ready for use. No less than 560 workmen are daily engaged in Paris in the new opera house, of whom 300 are stone-cutters. The stone-cutters' yard occupies 120,000 feet of ground. It is provided with railways and eight steam engines of twenty horse power. The stones used are brought from the department of L'Yonne. They are enormous; many of them weigh 20,000 pounds.

**CONCERTS.** The same journal (over the signature of Adolph Botte) reports from week to week a long list of "auditions musicales", chiefly of virtuosos producing themselves on their own account, in order to win or brighten up a Parisian reputation. M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, pianist of high standing, played in Erard's rooms a Beethoven Trio, and won new applause in a variety of styles, as works of Field, Weber, Chopin and Mendelssohn.—M. VAILATI, a blind man, created enthusiasm, at the Salle Herz, with a mere mandolin, playing the "Carnival of Venice" on one string, fantasias on *Norma*, *Trovatore*, &c., and seconded by Braga, violoncellist, and the famous ophicleid of Colosanti. A cricket concertizing with the assistance of the roaring bull of Bashan!—Then came a lady violoncellist—young, pretty, capital musician, first prize at the Conservatoire of Brussels, Mlle. HELENE DE KATOFF by name, pupil of Servais. She was well seconded by other artists, and the high expectations of her talent were not deceived.—Then one GIUSEPPE GARIBOLDI, a flutist of talent brought out, in the circle of some learned Societies, vocal and instrumental compositions of his own, which are moderately praised; among others a *Scène fantastique* for violin, piano and organ.—So much for one week.

*Second week (in May).* Concert at the hotel du Louvre of Mme. de VILETTE, with other singers; miscellaneous, dilettante affair.—M. EDOUARD CAZANEUVE, pianist, got together various attractions of "youth and talent"—some "pleasant voices needing discipline"; Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, and "graceful pages" of his own; a Concerto of *Vieuxtemps*, an oboe solo, &c.—M. F. BRISSON, who concertized in company with M. PORTEHAUT, played some melodious little pieces of his own upon the organ, viz., his *Ronde de Nuit* and his *Fête des Porcherons*; also the piano part in a Trio by Auber (much admired by the reviewer); also his own Trio on *I Puritani*, for two pianos and 'cello. M. PORTEHAUT sang a grand *scena* from *Charles VI* and something from a comic operetta by M. Brissou.—Of more importance was a concert of the "Académie Society of Sacred Music" conducted by M. VERVOITTE, having for its object to restore the taste for what is classical and noble in church music. The *Subat Mater* of Haydn, the *Tantum ergo* of Bortnianski, the *Gaudeamus* of Carissimi, the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn, furnished some of the choruses sung, besides pieces by Marcello, Palestrina and Jomelli.

*Third week.* Concerts of Mlle. CAUSSEMILLE, fine pianist, (C minor Trio of Mendelssohn, and lighter things); Mlle. TIEFENSEE, vocalist, mezzo-soprano

of rich quality, large and finished style (pieces from Handel, Mozart and Rossini, as well as *Casta Diva* difficult variations and national airs, Russian, Spanish, Irish, Bohemian, Tyrolean and Hungarian); and Mlle. MARIE TRAUTMANN, once an infant prodigy and first prize at the Conservatoire, pupil of Herz (Mendelssohn Trio in D minor, Thalberg's *Don Juan* fantasia, a Concerto by Herz, &c.)—SILVESTRO NICOSIA, a "very unequal violinist, fond of capricious fantasies", gave a concert, at which the chief enchantment was the appearance of his son CARLO, a little virtuoso of five years and a half, who played a prelude of Bach and a duo of his father's with extraordinary accuracy, *aplomb* and expression.—LEOPOLD DE MEYER played with great acceptance at one of the Princess of Metternich's soirées.

The only concert we see noticed in the last week of May was one by SIVORI, the violinist, who, it would seem, never played more admirably. His selections were the "Kreutzer" Sonata, Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, and some of the common show pieces. LEOPOLD DE MEYER was lionizing at all the private Soirées in aristocratic houses.

### Leipzig.

The following letter appears originally in the London *Athenæum* of May 30, and reappears, *quasi* originally under the head of "Our Musical Correspondence," in the New York *Musical Review* and *World* of June 20.

My last report of the season will deal more with revivals than with new compositions. None of the latter have been produced in the *Gewandhaus*—but the former have been very interesting. A Symphony by the Abbé Vogler showed more life and freshness than could have been expected; the first movement, which is decidedly the best, contains some devices, not to say tricks, which speak more to the eye than to the ear; the other movements fall off somewhat. Very solemn, and excellently fitted for its purpose, is Mozart's 'Masonic Funeral Music,' written for the funeral of the Grand-Master, Prince Esterhazy. I must return to the concerts devoted to French music, having sketched the programme:—Overture to 'Semiramide,' Cærel,—two Choral Songs (Brunottas) of the middle of the seventeenth century,—'La Violette' and 'Grisélide,' compositions of exquisite grace and beauty,—Ariette and Chorus from the ballet 'La Mascarade de Versailles,' Lully; strangely Handelian in many touches,—Violin Variations, Rode, superbly played by Herr David,—Aria and Chorus from 'Hippolyte et Aricie,' Rameau; graceful and pleasant, but with rather too many bird-effects for modern taste,—Overture 'Jean de Paris,' Boieldieu,—Symphony in G minor, Méhul; the longest, but the least interesting, work of the evening; some of the themes are good enough, and the *scherzo* and *finale* have piquancy and life, but the way in which the whole is worked out makes the effect monotonous; the second movement is a singular anticipation of Mendelssohn's four-part song, 'Ein Vöglein in den Zweigen schwank,'—Chorus from 'Les Deux Aïeules,' Grétry,—'Fée Mab' *Scherzo*, Berlioz, a wonderful piece of orchestral sonority, but in which the harp effect was lost, only one harpist being engaged,—Le Sueur's March and Magicians' Chorus from 'Alexandre à Babylone'—a good winding-up piece.—In one of the *Gewandhaus* Concerts, M. Auguste Werner, of Geneva, a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, made his first appearance, and proved himself a thoroughly well trained pianist; his touch is strong and his technical acquirements brilliant. He chose Herr Hiller's *Concerto*; the second and third movements may be placed by the side of any piano *concerto* of later times. Herr Wilhelm has again won deserved applause by his rendering of Bach's 'Chaconne' and Ernst's 'Élégie.' Hanover has sent us a most welcome contribution—two singers who can really sing. Fräulein Weiss has a high and sweet *contralto*, and uses it with true musical and poetical feeling. The other guest was Dr Gunz, likewise a member of the Hanover Opera, with a tenor voice of pleasant quality: if not very powerful, well suited for lyrical music, which he sings with great purity.

At the *Euterpe* Concerts, M. Rubinstein's Overture to 'Dimitri Donskoi' was produced for the first time—the best of the works of this very unequal composer which I have heard this season. Dr. Liszt's music to Herder's 'Der entfesselte Prometheus' does not grow upon us; though it contains some

good passages, the Reapers' Chorus especially, the greater part is an extravagant use of means, with a result most disproportionately meagre and unpleasant.

Two chamber compositions call for notice. The first, which was given in a *Gewandhaus* Quartet Concert, is a String Quartet in E minor, by Herr Musik Director Richter, a Professor of Harmony in the Conservatory. Most refreshing is it in these excruciating times to find a writer who does not think it beneath him to be cheerful and gracious. Herr Richter's name is a sufficient guarantee that his Quartet would be clear in construction and judicious in his treatment of instruments; but, besides, there is a pleasant and novel elegance which will recommend his work. Very different is Herr Volkmann's Trio in B flat minor, for piano, violin and violoncello, given in an *Euterpe* Chamber Music Concert. This composer seems to despise beauty of sound and clearness of form; his themes, however good in themselves, make no pleasant effect, and the hearer is sent away dissatisfied and weary. Belonging to the same class is another *Suite* for the Piano in E minor, Op. 72, by Herr Raff, which was played by Herr von Bülow in the last of his Pianoforte *Soirées*. Besides this *suite*, the aforesaid pianist gave us, among other things, Sebastian Bach's 'Italian Concerto' and a *Sonata* in A flat, by Philip Emanuel Bach, a new edition of which has been somewhat strongly 'edited' by the player. Herr von Bülow also introduced two new pieces by Dr. Liszt—'Venezia e Napoli.' The first, a *Gondoliera*, is very graceful.

In a Concert of the Dilettanti Society, for the conducting of which Herr von Bernuth deserves all praise, Mr. Danreuther played Mendelssohn's 'Variations Sérieuses,' as well as other music by Bach, Schumann and Chopin, with remarkable power and promise.

Herr Riedel's Choral Society always gives an interesting programme. In the last concert we had Gluck's only known sacred composition, a 'De Profundis,' a work very monotonous, and quite unworthy of the master. Its dreary effect was not removed by the three next pieces,—a song 'On Death' by Beethoven, a composition rarely heard, and its effect marred by the substitution of a very injudiciously 'stopped' organ accompaniment,—the Requiem and Kyrie from Berlioz's 'Requiem' and the 'Agnus Dei' and 'Dona nobis' from Schumann's Mass. But the concluding two numbers made rich compensation; two of Bach's best Cantatas, 'Ach wie flüchtig,' and 'Ein feste Burg.' A page might be written upon the beauties and strong contrasts of these two works,—the one so tender,—the other as strong as some old-world fortalice.

Herr Louis Lubeck, whom I mentioned in my last letter, has been appointed to the several posts lately held by Herr Davidoff, in the Conservatory and in the Church, Gewandhaus, and theatre orchestras.

A 'Concert Grand,' of a new form, has just been built by Herr Julius Blüthner of this city; each side has a curve similar to the one curved side of the ordinary instrument. This symmetry of shape makes it much more easy to dispose of this usually so despotic instrument in any part of the room. Internally it is provided with two sound-boards, and the lower bass strings are made to cross the others obliquely. For a concert instrument the tone is brilliant and penetrating, but is a little too hard for a small room. The touch is excellent. A.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 27, 1863.

### Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

THIRD ARTICLE.

PART II.—The Peri has found a gift worthy to bear to the gates of Heaven; she has caught the last life drop from the heart of the young hero who falls fighting for his country, and the praise of "blood for liberty shed" has been sung in the magnificent chorus which forms the finale of Part I. We wait the result with the opening of the second Part.

The first piece (No. 10) is altogether lovely. A slow, thoughtful melody of the oboe, with a syncopated, faltering accompaniment, preludes to and accompanies the Tenor solo, which recites (what the music has already in itself suggested) the timid and wistful approach of the Peri to

to the gate of Eden, scarcely daring to ask herself if it stands open. The oboe still pursues its theme, while the Angel (Alto) addresses her:

Sweet is our welcome of the Brave,  
Who die thus for their native Land—  
But see—alas! the crystal bar moves not—  
Holler far the boon must be,  
That opens the Gates of Heaven for thee!

The musical phrase (taken with the instrumental harmony), to which the last two lines are set, is exquisite beyond description; it is indeed angelic music; and instantly an angel chorus (female voices in four parts, four voices on each part) echo the passage *pianissimo*, the same delicious harmony being caught up into the ethereal octaves; and the very brief, but not to be forgotten piece ends, as it began, with the oboe theme and syncopated harmony. There is such purity, refinement, tenderness in this passing breath of melody and harmony, that it may well seem to come from upper air and from a heavenlier sphere. The tenderness and sweetness with which this heavenly No! is uttered, contains assurance of the final victory—is victory, if you listen only to the music, which reveals the deeper truth beneath the words.

11. This number opens with Tenor recitative again, the pauses filled with rustling of wings, as the disappointed Peri flies away upon another quest, to "Africa's lunar mountains."

Far to the South, the Peri lighted;  
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
Of that strange tide—whose birth  
Is hidden from the sons of earth.  
Deep in those solitary woods  
Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
Dance round the cradle of their Nile.

The last three lines suggest to Schumann a happy interpolation of his own: a chorus of Genii of the Nile:

Come forth from the waters, appear!  
Come, spirits! What form divine lingers here?  
'Tis a Peri, see how wondrous fair;  
Take care, take care!  
List to her song!  
Hear her complaint!  
Listen! still!

It is a chorus for three parts, soprano, alto and tenor, and is one of the most delightfully original, romantic and poetic creations to be found in the whole repertoire of fairy music. The slumber song of the Elves in "Oberon," the Naiad chorus in the same, the fairy choruses of Mendelssohn are no whit more remarkable nor steal upon the sense with a more exquisite surprise. The key is B minor. The cool and watery shades, the steady flow and ripple of the stream, whence these startled sprites emerge and call to one another, are indicated by a rapid and continuous violoncello figure, which runs through the whole, while flute and clarinet and oboe fling in chords above, like little calls and signals, helping to mark the nervous accent of the vocal phrases, which are treated fugue-wise, with bits of imitation in the violins. The creature whom the Genii rush out to see is not more "wondrous fair" nor more alive, than is this music; it excites in you the sweet and strange surprise it sings of. The picture is not in the least commonplace, nor is it in the least misty or indefinite; it is not unsubstantial, dream-like, sentimental, but real and objective; it is as sound and wholesome as it is thoroughly imaginative music. You cannot listen to it unrefreshed. But we have not told all;—the Peri's voice is heard from time to time blending its sad strain with the chorons; and

hark! it is a snatch of that same yearning, earnest melody, which she sung when first we heard her (No. 2), as she thought of the happiness of the spirits in Heaven; now, to the same tune, she sings (and beautifully it is worked in with the bright themes of the chorus):

O Eden, fair Eden, I'm longing for thee!  
Ah when shall thy portals be open to me?

12. The running accompaniment to the chorus of the Nile genii dies away, gradually slackening its pace like a spinning wheel as it goes to sleep, and disappearing in the new chord (G minor) upon which the Tenor solo tells of her further flight:

Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,  
Her grot and sepulchres of Kings,  
The exiled spirit sighing roves;  
And now hangs list'ning to the doves  
In warm Rosetta's vale; now loves  
To watch the pelicans that break  
The azure calm of Moeris' Lake.  
For ne'er did mortal eye behold  
A fairer scene; a Land more bright.  
Who could have thought that there, ev'n there,  
Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
From his hot wing a deadly blast!

The style of this recitative is serious, sweet, sympathetic, graphic, fully in keeping with the words and situation. As it goes on the accompaniment takes the form of a steady alternation of a low chord of strings answered by a higher chord of reeds and flutes, giving the idea of a wide, rich, tranquil scene. Presently these harmonies grow dull and close and sweltry, like the very atmosphere of pestilence; diminished sevenths to satiety; a creeping, lifeless, would-be modulation, restless, finding no outlet; a turgid, over-crowded, helpless sort of harmony; in itself not very beautiful or musical, certainly not refreshing, but wonderfully suggestive of the scene it introduces, while you have the comfort that is very short. It soon dies away, and a holier calm begins to fill the air as the Peri's voice is heard, in a few tender phrases, sighing over these sad fruits of the fall of man; her strain grows exquisitely touching as it takes the rhythm of the last two lines:

Some flow'rets of Eden inherit ye still,  
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!

13. This triple (3-4) rhythm keeps on in the accompaniment, accelerating, brightening into the major, giving a buoyant lift to a charming page of symphony, in the course of which the Tenor solo (melody and bass now in 4-4 against 6-4) tells how the Peri wept and instantly the air around grew pure and clear. The symphony suddenly ceases, and a quartet of mixed voices sing, first in plain choral form:

For there's a magic in each tear  
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

And then the voices separate in imitative phrases, with accompaniment, and recombine again, and the piece ends with a return of the opening instrumental motive.

14. A short Alto solo, in E minor, a sort of Romanza, a sad and simple tune, which repeats itself, dividing the words into two stanzas; and the same tune is sung a third time, in the tenor, by the plague-stricken youth:

Alto Solo.

Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
Close by the lake, she heard the moan  
Of one who, at this silent hour,  
Had thither stol'n to die alone.  
One who in life, where'er he moved,  
Drew after him the hearts of all;  
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,  
Dies here, without one tear-drop's fall!

The Youth.

None to watch near me; none to slake  
The fire that in my bosom lies;  
Oh for a sprinkle from that lake,  
Which shines so cool before mine eyes.

15. This number is perhaps more amenable to the charge of that peculiar "Schumannism", which has been a stumbling block to many.—That is, it seems at first sight, not quite so clear and natural as most that we have been through; over-ingenious, crowded, more like an orchestral fantasia, some might think it. But it is certainly expressive and has traits of rare beauty. To the first portion of it, however, the (Alto or Mezzo) Soprano Solo there can be no objection on the score of clearness or beauty—a well defined and tender melody, moving in six-four measure,

accompanied by full, evenly divided chords :

*Soprano Solo.*  
Deserted Youth! one thought alone  
Shed joy around his soul in death—  
That she, whom he for years had known,  
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—  
Safe in her father's princely halls,  
Where airs from fountain-falls,  
Perfumed by many a brand  
Of wood from India's land,  
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

*Tenor Solo.*  
But see—who yonder comes by stealth,  
This melancholy bower to seek,  
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
'Tis she—far off, thro' moonlight dim,  
He knew his own betrothed bride.  
Her arms are round him now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And in the lake her loosened tresses  
Dips, to bind his burning brow.

*The Youth*—Thou here! O fly!  
One breath of mine brings death to thee.

As the Tenor solo enters, the time is hurried, the rhythm syncopated and disturbed, the modulation strange, and the widening chords appear to take great rapid strides, raising a passing doubt of perfect fitness; but as the music grows more excited, it grows more beautiful too, the orchestra giving free reins to its fancy at the thought of the devoted maiden clasping the dying youth.

16. But now listen to the Maiden, as the key modulates enharmonically into that singularly pure, fine sphere of F sharp major.

*The Maiden*—Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
And whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—  
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
Am I not thine—thw own loved bride—  
The one, the chosen one, whose place  
In life or death is by thy side?  
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
That must be hers when thou art gone?  
That I can live and let thee go,  
Who art my life itself?—No, no!  
Oh, let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
And whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!

The song suggests not a large, but a fine, high, bird-like, earnest little soprano voice; and the whole soul of unselfish, passionate, devoted, pure first love pours itself out in this most musical and touching strain. Sure never was a truer, sweeter love strain. The Tenor solo briefly describes the rest of the mournful, but morally beautiful scene:

She falls—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,  
So fades the sweet light of her eyes,  
One struggle—and his pain is past—  
He is no longer living!  
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

A few softly breathed low chords, from the trombones, fill the sacred silence, and then, the key changing to B major, we have

No. 17. The wonderfully beautiful Finale to this Second Part. It is a heavenly Requiem sung over the lovers, by the Peri, joined by a silvery choir of angel voices (in six parts: two sopranos, two altos, two tenors). These are the words:

*Peri and Chorus.*  
Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
In airs balmier than ever yet stir'd  
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
Who sings at the last his own death-lay—  
Sleep on, in dreams thine eyelids close,  
Sleep on, thou true one, gently repose!

*Basses.*  
Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
Unearthly breathings through the place,  
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
That like two lovely saints they seem'd;  
While that benevolent Peri beam'd  
Like their good angel, placed to keep  
Watch till their souls should rise from sleep.

It is impossible to conceive of melody more crystal clear, serene and luminous with light from heaven than this sweet, simple melody, in which the Peri's voice leads off, or of harmony more pure and chastely rich than that which accompanies it. When this pure white beam of melody divides into the prismatic colors of harmony, as the angel voices take up the lovely theme, the chords in the accompaniment are broken into light, hovering wing-like figures,

which seem to buoy the strange, delicious music up and hold it poised in upper air still within reach of mortal ears. At intervals the Peri's voice adds itself to the heavenly chorus. Nor is this all. The basses all the while are chanting, in deep tones, a wholly different motive, which supports the rest, supplying (in the words above) the narrative description of the scene *ab extra*, while the angels sing.

And here endeth the Second Part. Will the last sigh of these true lovers open Heaven's gate to the Peri?

### Paragraphs from Vienna.

BY A. W. T.

May 4.—The *Presse* this evening says that Herr Dr. Ludwig Nohl, tutor of music in the University at Munich, and known as the author of the much-read essays upon "The Magic Flute," "Der Geist der Tonkunst" (the spirit of Music) "Mozart" and others, has come to Vienna, and will occupy himself here for some time in preparations for a biography of Beethoven.

Very well, the more the better, provided that these biographers (?) will begin to make some original researches, and no longer content themselves with simply plundering Wegeler, Ries and Schindler.

May 5.—The same paper this evening has this paragraph: "Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, it is said, is now finally laid aside (at the Karntner Thor theatre.) At least, the *Recessione* says, Frau Dustman has declared, that she has not the power to commit to memory the principal female part."

This reminds me of what an intimate friend of Mad. Viardot told me two years ago, to wit:—

She related to him that when Wagner came to Paris on that *Tannhäuser* expedition, he wished she would do him the kindness to let him hear some of his music, to *Tristan and Isolde*. She willingly consented, and with great pains learned portions of it, and a private concert was given in her residence. This was to be repeated the next week, but she was so utterly unable to remember the part, as to be obliged to go through the drudgery of studying it all anew! And this is music! This begins where Beethoven left off! This is to make Mozart forgotten!

Very well, so be it; it will not be in my day, I know.

This morning's *Presse* (May 5,) has an article by Hanslick on a certain Mad. Fabbri-Mulder, in which truth is spoken without fear or favor. People who are so sensitive at home, if a notice of them does not make them compounds of Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Malibran, Patti, and all the other great singers, may think themselves lucky that they have no Edward Hanslick to tell them plain truths.

May 10.—I see by the papers that the Archbishop of Cologne has invited the King of Prussia to be present at the celebration of the completion of the Cathedral, to take place October 15th next. This refers, of course, only to the body of the church, the two great towers remain still to be erected. On the 23d of this month, it will be fourteen years since, coming from Antwerp, I first saw that famous structure. Then little more than the choir stood complete, and people shook their heads at the idea of its ever being finished. I never doubted it, nor do I doubt the completion of the two glorious towers, which are embraced in the plan. But what music will be selected for that celebration? Well, I can only say, that if they do not play the Overture "Consecration of the House," and the Grand Mass in D, both written by the sometime organist of the last Elector of Cologne, both works in music what the cathedral is in architecture, I shall have no great opinion of the musical taste of his reverence, the Archbishop!

### New Music.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. Op 28, No 2. *Romanze*, for the Piano. (O. Ditson & Co.)

This is not one of the "Studies and Sketches for the Pedal Grand," referred to in the enumeration of Schumann's best works in an article which we copy to-day upon another page; although the way in which it is engraved, on three staves, with the word *Pedal* affixed to the lowest of them, might lead one to suppose so. It is to be played by the usual two hands, without aid of the "nether continuations," so important to an organist. Nor is it very difficult. It is only written in this way, to make the construction of the piece clearer, and to call more strict attention to the melodic theme, which is placed on a middle staff, while the broken chords of the accompaniment, both above it and below it, are placed on the first and third staff; but two hands easily grasp the whole. It is a very pleasing, pensive melody, full of feeling, enriched and made somewhat mystical and dreamy by the aforesaid accompaniment. It is one of Schumann's truly poetic little pieces; and affords a good initiation into a new and interesting style. It here figures as one of a little series of pieces under the title "Concert Gems from Schumann's piano-forte works." We hope the others, named on the title page, will be forthcoming. They are: "Valse Noble," from the *Carnaval*; *Eusebius*, ditto; *Notturmo*, from the *Nachtstücke* (night pieces), and *Fughetta* (Op. 32).

METZGERER. *Three Morceaux de Salon*, from *Robert le Diable*, arranged for Piano by OTTO DRESEL. (Ditson & Co.)

So this classical artist and skillful arranger does not disdain to turn his hand sometimes to the creations of brilliant popular idols. Robert certainly abounds in original and captivating ideas, and these which he has chosen make very graceful, fanciful and unique pieces for the parlor. The first is the "Procession of Nuns and Scene of Introduction," which we do not happen to have by us. No. 2. *Romanza*, the Trio with the low bass muttering in triplets, a very striking moment of the opera, is very clearly and fairly outlined in the not difficult transcription. No. 3, The Aria of Isabel, with its appurtenances, chorus of ladies, &c. from the brilliant scene of the second act, is a regular bravura piece, full of flowery ornaments and passage work; good for light-fingered practice, and fascinating just in proportion as it is well played.

We are happy to be able to inform our readers that Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will give one of his very interesting Organ Concerts, on Saturday afternoon, July 11th, at the West Church, in Cambridge Street. On that occasion he will play the famous *Passeccaglia* of Bach, and a Trio Sonata in C of the same incomparable master, both pieces for the first time; and also the *Toccata* in F, which has made such an impression in his former concerts.

CARL ANSCHUETZ is in town, we understand, making arrangements to bring his German Opera troupe here in the fall. He has engaged various new singers in Europe, including, it is said, Formes the basso, Formes the tenor, and Formes the baritone. Then we may hope to hear *Fidelio*, and many a good thing that will be quite new to a Boston public.

MR. MOLLENHAUER'S NEW OPERA was performed last week, for the first time, at the Winter Garden in New York. The *Sunday Times* reports as follows:

The production of Mr. Mollenhauer's tragic opera of "The Corsican Bride" drew a large and fashionable audience last Monday evening, all of whom, from the display of cordial and kindly feeling, seemed desirous of testifying their good will and appreciation of the composer as artist and gentleman. The circumstances under which the opera was produced could not well have been more unfavorable. It was the close of the season, and so closely followed upon Vestrali's disastrous term that superficial people would confound one with the other.

Some of the artists were fair, but the cast altogether was not one that could secure *prestige* or success to any work, however great its intrinsic merit. The redeeming features of the presentation were the excellence of the orchestra, and of the chorus in the male department, and the heartiness with which nearly every one who took part lent themselves to the rendering of their roles and the final success of the performance, to the best of their ability. This was especially the case with Madame Kotter, who, though

appearing in a part wholly unsuited to her style, and quite opposite to the light, arch characters she has been in the habit of assuming, infused into her impersonation a vitality so real and earnest as to animate others, and render much pleasurable that otherwise would only just have been endured.

Of the opera itself, we can speak in terms of great satisfaction. The music is emotional and expressive in a very high degree. It does not often rise to positive grandeur, but it never sinks below successful effort to portray human passion in its different phases. It is difficult to tell what could be done with Antonio's part in the hands of a capable artist, which Mr. Quint is not. Mr. Weinlich, as Rosa's father, was only tolerable, ditto De Sennville (Hartmann). Rosa herself was the only one who did full justice to Mr. Mollenhauer's idea. In the second act there are some fine passages, which were received with great enthusiasm, and the opening chorus was also so good and so spiritedly rendered as to merit the nightly encore which it has received. If the opera lacks anything, it is an evidence of genuine creative power. There are few distinct melodies which can be carried away to the street or the fireside. Instrumental and concerted music there is of a very high order, but there is a lack of that individuality which appeals strongly to the feelings and the imagination.

Three other representations were given during the week, which, although gratifying in their results to Mr. Mollenhauer as showing an appreciation of his work, were not, from causes we have intimated, peculiarly successful.

The *Tribune* says: "The main characteristic of the music is a measured dramatic recitation to chords and musical figures in the orchestra; this, in contradistinction to the cantabile style and square-cut melodies."

GRAU's Opera Company have had a successful time in Ciaccinatti, having given there twenty-four performances, and eighteen different operas.

WORCESTER, MASS. Those who truly enjoy that which is pure and refining in music must have been highly gratified with the fine performance of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club last evening. The programme was an excellent one, and was rendered still more so by the presentation of the entire Beethoven Quintet, only two movements being at first announced. We desire to heartily thank the club for this favor, and to assure them that a complete work of this kind will always be acceptable. We will not attempt a criticism of the quintet, being satisfied that at this time we should fail to do justice to so magnificent a work. Mr. Schultze played a very difficult fantasia for the violin, with great energy of expression, receiving the most generous applause. Mr. Fries delighted all by his beautiful rendering of the solo for the violinello, on familiar Scotch airs. Messrs. Goering and Ryan also gave us very interesting solos for flute and saxophone. Altogether, it was one of the most interesting concerts which has been given by the band.—*Spy*, June 12.

RICHARD WAGNER cleared about \$10,000 by his concerts in Petersburg, not to mention a villa in Switzerland, of which the Grand Duchess Helena made him a present.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The Mendelssohn Society, consisting of about 150 voices, aided by a select orchestra from New York, under the leadership of J. NOLL, gave a miscellaneous concert June 10th, under the direction of G. J. STOECKEL. The following was the programme:

### Part I.

1. Overture: William Tell. .... Rossini
2. Duo: "Quis Est Homo?" (*Stabat Mater*). .... Rossini
3. Concerto. G minor; (Piano and Orchestra) Mendelssohn
4. Prayer and Aria: *Der Freischütz*. .... Weber
5. Symphony No. 2, in D. .... Beethoven

### Part II.

1. Overture and Chorus from "Mahomet." .... Stoeckel
2. Angel Trio: "Elijah." .... Mendelssohn
3. Chorus: "Come gentle Spring." (Seasons). .... Haydn
4. Wedding March. .... Mendelssohn
5. Double Quartet (Angels) *Elijah*. .... Mendelssohn
6. March and Chorus. *Tannhäuser*. .... Wagner

The orchestral portion of the programme was finely rendered. For the first time, an entire Symphony of Beethoven was played in New Haven, and in spite

of the length, it was attentively listened to and warmly applauded. Mr. WEINER rendered Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto with accuracy and precision, although at times wanting in feeling and fire.

Of the vocal selections apart from the chorus, the Prayer from *Der Freischütz* was best rendered. The Trio and double Quartet from *Elijah*, had been better left off entirely.

Mr. Stoeckel's overture and chorus from his opera of "Mahomet" were well received. We must confess however that the overture did not strike us favorably. There seemed to be too much rambling; a lack of form, and too frequent use of the side drum and cymbals. Perhaps another hearing would improve our impression of it.

The choruses were given with considerable promptness. The chief objection to the whole is, that there was too much of it, and not sufficiently popular in its character for a New Haven audience. We were glad the Society brought out a Symphony, but think the audience would have been better pleased with a single movement than with the whole. However, we are glad to report a favorable sign of improvement in musical matters in New Haven.

### ALLEGRETTO.

SARATOGA, N. Y.—During a short stay at that most fashionable of watering places, Saratoga Springs, we were favored with an invitation to the closing exercises of the "Temple Grove Female Seminary", which we accepted.

At this Institution, which is most delightfully situated on one of the finest streets in the town, surrounded with a beautiful grove, the young ladies enjoy every advantage for a solid and ornamental course of study, together with free access to those delicious and healthful fountains whose waters are so well known and sought for all over the world.

The following was the programme of the soirée, given on Thursday evening, June 18th, under the direction of Prof. G. D. Wilson, recently of New York, to a large (and I may say, fashionable) assembly.

### Part I.

- |   |           |
|---|-----------|
| Overture, to "Euryanthe." (Two Pianos).           | Weber     |
| Tersetto. From "Bellario." "Si Il Fratello."      | Donizetti |
| L'Invitation à la Valse. (Two Pianos).            | Weber     |
| Cavatina. "In Questo Semplice."                   | Donizetti |
| Grande Fantasia. "Hommage à Verdi." (Four Pianos) | Duroc     |
| Ballad. "Softly ye Night Winds."                  | Wallace   |

### Part II.

- |  |         |
|--|---------|
| Overture, to "Tancredi." (Four Pianos).              | Rossini |
| Cantata. "Fairies of the Hills."                     | Ensign  |
| 1. Solo. "Right Jovious Sprites be we."              |         |
| 2. Chorus. "And a dainty life we live away."         |         |
| 3. Semi-Chorus. "We build the woodland arches fair." |         |
| 4. Solo. "And glad away is our dainty life."         |         |
| 5. Duet. "Thus we live"                              |         |
| 6. Semi Chorus. "We crimson the Maple."              |         |
| 7. Finale. "Farewell to the Bowers."                 |         |
| Waltzes. "Rosemary." (Four Pianos).                  |         |
| Arietta. "Il Bacio."                                 | Arditti |
| Grand Quatuor, for Four Pianos, Op. 816.             | Czerny  |
| Chorus. From "Semiramide." "Hail to thee, Liberty!"  | Rossini |

Rarely if ever, have we listened with as much interest to a school concert as on this occasion. The selections which were given, both for the Piano and Voice, evinced careful study and a well directed taste. [If their tastes run in the same direction with their devotions, what shall we think of the taste which united all those young ladies in that early act of "homage to Verdi"?—Ed.] Some of the young ladies who sang acquitted themselves in a manner deserving of great credit both to themselves and their teacher.

On the whole, the evening passed so pleasantly, that all seemed to regret that it was not longer, and we could but congratulate the bevy of fair young ladies as they gathered in dazzling groups in the large drawing-rooms of the Seminary, on their superior advantages for the pursuit of their musical studies at Temple Grove.

J. K. D.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- When first the bells. George Perren. 25  
Gentle Bessie. E. Land. 25

Two simple, pure and affectionate ballads. Both have very pleasing melodies.

- From the church tower falling. Das Züggelglücklein. Franz Schubert. 25

Called one of the very best of Schubert's songs. It is the custom, in some parts of southern Germany, to ring one of the church bells while a person is dying. Probably, originally, by its hallowed tones it was thought to purify the air of evil spirits, and facilitate the passage of the new-severed soul to its home on "the other side," as, in Deutschland, they often term the region beyond the grave. The song is simple, yet expressive, the accompaniment full of rich harmony, chiming to the ever recurring peal of mellow bell-tones, which sound through the entire piece.

- The Miseries of Sneezing. Song and Chorus. Ossian E. Dodge. 30

One of Dodge's super-comic odes. Well calculated to make one laugh heartily.

- Keep this Bible near your heart. Song and Chorus. H. S. Thompson. 25

Very sweet and touching. Mothers who have sent their boys to the war with a similar charge, will love the song, though it is to be hoped its sad termination may not be appropriate in their case.

- Close his eyes! His work is done. A dirge for a soldier. Song and chorus.

Asa B. Hutchinson. 25

Pure, clear, simple and melodious. A regular Hutchinson song. Those who have heard it, as sung by the "Tribe of Asa," will welcome its appearance in print.

### Instrumental Music.

- Venice Quadrille. Charles D'Albert. 35

Quite equal to, or a little above, the average of D'Albert's compositions, which are nearly all good.

- The Portuguese Hymn. Adeste Fideles. Brinley Richards. 60

An excellent transcription of the good old melody, which fits into variations better than many other sacred airs. Fine for practice.

- On the Rialto. Auf den Lagunen. Barcarolle. Theo. Osten. 30

A barcarolle, in Venice, approaches in character a serenade, and the melody of this fine composition would be well fitted for chanting by the gondoliers. Not difficult.

- Money-King Polka. Chas. A. Shaw.

Of moderate degree of difficulty, and considerable variety. Commended to Money-Kings and their daughters, and the many who like to dance with them.

### Books.

- STABAT MATER. Rossini. Cloth, \$1.00  
Paper, 75

One of those books that choirs and musical societies should include in their libraries. A choir which confines itself to the singing of easy music will never be able to sing difficult music, nor sing easy music well; while a vigorous practice of a book of choruses, or a mass, or pieces like the above, shows very soon its result in the superior singing of common church tunes.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

